

CARMEL - BY - THE - SEA
CALIFORNIA
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THE CARMELITE

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REM ENDS HIS LIFE

At eight o'clock last Wednesday evening Rem Remsen killed himself with a pistol in his studio in Carmel. The shot pierced his heart. Friends found the body next morning. His beloved dog had been given away that day.

Rem was the son of a distinguished scientist, Ira Remsen, former president of Johns Hopkins University.

He had studied art in Paris and had been living in Carmel a number of years. He painted, directed plays, wrote, and was a bohemian and bon vivant. His plays included "Inchling," "Mr. Bunt," "The Rented Ranch" and "The Tinsel Angel."

Only the last and "Mr. Bunt" were published, but the others had all been produced at the Forest Theater, Inchling for the second time most successfully this summer.

Before coming to Carmel Remsen was Technical Director of the Lobero Theatre in Santa Barbara for a season.

He was twice married, and fifty-two years old.

"REM"

By James Hopper

To "Rem" the gods, or the fairies, had been over-prodigal; they had rained upon him too many gifts; he could paint, he could write, he could act, he could be the solitary under the moon or the harlequin at the rich feast. And the result was that, within this iridescence, lived a soul tortured with incertitude and with doubt, unable to find the narrow clear shining way.

There is nothing more wearying and wearying than the labyrinths of indecision; from the very richness of his nature and the variety of his talents, Rem was ever doomed to indecision. And . . . this was but rarely known of friends who saw only the outer, kindly, tolerant, humorous, round-jolly outer man . . . periodically Rem went through a long period of inert depression when, over-dissecting himself and appraising with all too savage severity, he judged himself a failure, and Life . . . the Life to which he gave nothing, he thought . . . not worth living.

Out of those black tunnels he usually

IN SAN FRANCISCO



Linoleum cut by Virginia Tooker

All loveliness to dust at last,
All loveliness goes down they say
Like roses when the summer's past
And Love and wisdom die away.

And yet I think the earth is glad
For joy that old-time lovers had,
And autumn burns a fiercer red
For sake of lovers that are dead.

—Ella Young.

emerged in a new avatar, his regenerated energies pouring into a new channel. He entered a landscape painter and came out a painter of portraits; he entered a painter and emerged a writer. His mode of life, his very appearance would be changed. I saw him in New York exuberantly living the wild Bohemian life; a few months later I found him in Carmel, dungaree his garments, asceticism his rult, renunciation his guide. Sometimes these transformations assumed forms which brought laughter to the lips of those who did not know. Many recall the fantastic and prodigious beard which so stubbornly lasted—for six months.

"Well, this last summer he entered his last long black tunnel. The old inertia, the heavy sense of failure lay like a sarcophagus upon him.

He has released himself into his last and most glorious avatar. Who shall blame him? Not I. He did the job efficiently and cleanly. And all his other qualities we may now punctuate with a last one, shiningly evident. Rem, the artist, the writer, the painter, the actor, the weaver of gossamer tales was also a brave man.

How shall we remember him now? Well, I think, not in his gloom. But as the gay companion—the dreamer of Inchling—the charming drill-master of little children on the green Forest Theater stage—the mellow, lovable being treading the Follies stage as Mistah Walker.

REM THE ARTIST

The work, that's the thing!

With sparkling ability in several lines of creative talent, Rem devoted himself mostly to painting. It was as a portrait painter in his early years that he attracted the attention of his masters and fellow-students. There are a number of very good portraits to his credit, particularly a very clever, an almost masterly portrait of the Marquis Ito of Japan.

With ardent yearning to satisfy that urge which is at once the joy and pain of the artist, he labored desperately in various mediums to gain facility in expressing the joy of living, in landscape and portraiture.

His Grand Canyon water colors have the romantic quality of an opal. The desert pictures make one feel as though standing on tiptoe gazing into the veiled future. His latest water colors, done with an earnestness far beyond his earlier work, showed a quality that must be called inspirational.

As Rem dealt more with people than with things, he showed his best endeavors in portraits rather than landscape. His latest portraits done in red chalk are the high water mark in his work, many of them possessing more power and grace than his oil portraits.

Each drawing was better than the previous one; each drawing showed the earnest pursuit of that ever-present yet elusive thing,—the work.

—F. B.

THE CARMELITE

CALENDAR

December

- 7 Lecture—by Dr. M. M. Knight on the Cost of War. Residence of Mrs. Esther Teare, Ninth and Lincoln, at 8:00. Auspices of Women's International League. Admission fifty cents.
- 7 Viola Recital—by Frederick MacMurray. Carmel Playhouse at 8:15.
- 8 Lecture—by Dr. H. G. Baynes on "the Reconciliation of Conscious and Unconscious." At the Sunset School at 8:00. Open to the public.
- 9 Divine Services—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a. m.
- 10 Folk-Dancing, clay modelling and wood carving at the Sunset School at 8:00. Open to all.
- 10 Song recital—at the Dickinson residence on the Point, by Dione Neutra, singer of folk songs, accompanied by her 'cello.
- 11 Seminar—by Dr. Preston R. Search on the Sculptors of Florence. At Casa de Rosas, Thirteenth and Casanova.
- 12 Meeting of P. T. A.—at the Sunset School at 3:30. Both sides of the County Unit plan will be presented and freely discussed. Open to all.

THE SEARCH SEMINARS

The next meeting of the Search Seminar, at Casa de Rosas on Casanova at Thirteenth, will be held on December eleventh, its subject, the Sculptors of Florence, with special study of Michael Angelo. These seminars are informal at-home evenings, to which all interested students are invited. They cover a wide range of classical study, as the following program indicates:

December 11	The Sculptors of Florence
January 8	The Brownings in Florence
January 22	Howard's Brunelleschi
February to May	
	Paris
	Geneva, the Athens of Switzerland
	Weimar, the Athens of Germany
	Amsterdam, the Venice of the North
	Nuremberg, the city of the Meistersinger
	Oxford
	Edinburgh

Dr. Search is a veteran educator, and, for fifteen years conducted classical travel study groups.

AND WHAT COULD BE FAIRER?

A horde of out-of-towners in Carmel for the post-Thanksgiving week-end,—and then it goes and rains. Or worse still, it drizzles. We townsfolk thereupon look almost guilty, as though it were not quite sporting of us to let this happen on Saturday. Some even take it so keenly that they are urging a city ordinance to the effect that weather-glooms be lawful only toward the middle of the week.

Carmel News

GOLDSMITH-ENGLE MARIONETTES GIVE ENTERTAINMENT

It is to be lamented that there were not larger houses in attendance at the playing of "Cinderella" and "The Nightingale" by the Goldsmith-Engle Marionettes at the Carmel Playhouse Monday afternoon and evening. Every one loves the land of Make-Believe, and the delight and purging emotion that stirs one as the curtain parts on a stage set for puppets should be shared by the whole community.

"The Nightingale," with its story of the pure sound of a little bird's singing bringing an Emperor to a proper sense of values has many possibilities for a Marionette Show. The settings were at times very lovely, and the little figures, all done in Chinese style, were greeted with joy by the children.

That there was not more of fantasy, better coordination of voice and gesture, more of the humor which is a part of a child's world and which makes "the whole world kin," is to be regretted.

Some of us have seen their Cinderella five times and others nine, but no matter howm any times you see her, she always marries the Prince in the end, and they always live happily ever after. When a tale ends the same way that many times, it becomes convincing.

There are six of these marionetters behind the scenes playing the play,—for this is a production more elaborate than a puppet show, and just as much fun.

P. T. A. WILL MEET THIS WEEK

The regular monthly meeting of the Carmel Parent Teachers' Association will be held at the Sunset School on next Wednesday afternoon at 3:00. The County Unit Plan will be the subject of discussion, and will be presented from both sides. As this important educational measure will come before the voters shortly, all parents will do well to take this opportunity to understand the underlying issues.

BUT WHAT IS A LITTLE CHICKEN WIRE BETWEEN FRIENDS?

"There's Doc Eddy at it again," muttered the listener-in as his radio gave forth a low growl, interrupting Darmosch's conducting of the Parasifal overture in San Francisco.

"Whenever he turns his ultra-violet light on a patient up there in his office, the radio people in Carmel get figetty. For it interferes with the receiving of every radio in town. So now we're going to ask him to insulate those instruments of his. All he needs is to put a few dollars' worth of chicken wire about his treatment room, grounding it down,—and we'll all be friends again."

Music . . .

HERALDING AN EVENING OF SONG

Singing Swiss peasant songs to her own 'cello accompaniment, Dione Neutra will appear in recital next Monday evening at the Dickinson residence on the Point.

Herself a Swiss, of a background in which string quartet playing and trio singing were a natural part of family life, she has a musical simplicity, a sincerity, which are in refreshing contrast to the intellectualities and the studied stage manner of our conservatory-bred singers. The loveliness of her voice is natural and spontaneous.

In addition to folk songs, she will sing a group of rarely-sung things by Haendel and Bach, including a very beautiful aria from the St. Matthew Passion.

The recital is public, with an admission fee of a dollar. Reservations can be made by telephoning 87-R.

THE REVIVAL OF A BELOVED TRADITION

Carols are being sung these Sunday afternoons in December at the Dickinson's on the Point, partly in preparation for the Christmas festival which is to be held at the Golden Bough the Sunday afternoon before Christmas, and partly for sheer joy of singing. A goodly group of singers has assembled itself, and is at work on some of the fine old traditional songs, as well as a few very beautiful chorales of Bach. There is part singing for women's voices, and for mixed quartet,—the latter calling for aid from Fenton Foster's men's choral group. Some of the carols are being accompanied orchestrally with violins, 'cello, and flute.

There is a delightful feeling about these rehearsals,—the traditional sense of Christmas the season of the Nativity; the joyous confluence of voices; a child or two in the room, unconscious of the beauty of the things he is hearing, and yet enriched by them. If this might happen everywhere at Christmas,—if groups might be singing together,—not only formally in churches and schools, but wherever there is a heart-warming sense of home and friendliness,—we should overcome the commercialization of Christmas into a time of the giving and "getting" of "presents." It would once again become that heartily genial time it was in the days of Christmas eve carol-singing from door to door, when the wassail bowl, hot and spiced and steaming, stood waiting for the singing guests.

HAPPINESS

Joy comes in little spurts
A sudden flaming flash
And flickers off to sunset
Leaving grey-white ash.

—Margaret McSweeney.

Personal Bits . . .

News comes from Gabrielle Newby in Paris. The French are more demonstrative than we, and frankly display their delight at her small Shim Newby, aged four, so that he comes home from a walk down the Bois de Boulogne with his nurse, laden with gifts. Even the Parisian traffic cop (who most certainly has a different title there) yields his baton to Shim, who thereupon stands magnificently beside the officer and with it halts and commands for a minute the most international traffic on the planet.

* * * *

Ella Young, Irish poet, whose book for children "The Wonder Smith" was reviewed in last week's Carmelite, will arrive within a week to be for some time the guest of Mrs. Young-Hunter at her residence on Casanova.

* * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Neutra have been the guests at dinner and tea and otherwise informally, this week, of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dickinson, of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Greene, of Miss Emma Waldvogel at her residence in Pacific Grove, and of Caroline Blackman and Virginia Tooker.

Mrs. Neutra sang on Monday morning for the children of the Douglas School in Pebble Beach a group of her folk songs from the valleys of Switzerland,—to the very great delight of at least one youngster to whom this speech and these moods were familiar, beautiful, and dear.

* * * *

Elsa Blackman, dean at the Cora Williams School in Berkeley, has been in Carmel for the last five days recuperating from the rigors of the educational process.

* * * *

Laidlaw Williams, ornithologist and now student at Stanford, has been doing likewise.

* * * *

Among the recent arrivals in Carmel this week were Peter O'Crotty, formerly a Los Angeles newspaperman, and his bride, Rene O'Byrne, an artist.

They have taken the Kluegel "Playhouse" on Camino Real. O'Crotty assumes his duties as managing editor of the Carmelite with this issue. Mrs. O'Crotty, was active in Southerland Theatre Guilds before her marriage.

* * * *

Judge and Mrs. Dupuy of Chicago are the guests in Carmel of their daughter, Mrs. Helen Deusner. Mrs. Deusner and her associate in landscape design are making frequent trips up the coast to San Mateo, where a number of gardens claim them.

* * * *

Mr. Peter Krasnow, the painter and wood carver of Los Angeles, and Mrs. Krasnow, spent a brief holiday here this week.

There were many familiar faces in Carmel over the holiday week-end,—and a notable crop of students and faculty members from the universities. The dignified ones are the students; the easy-going and jovial, the faculty. Set aside the mask of authority and you find a human being.

Then there were two boys from a high school up north who wired down to Carmel, "May we rent the same cottage we had last year?" to the hostess who knew they were working their way through school, who telegraphed back "yes," and who with a maternal twinkle lighting up her face, each year "rents" a snug little house to them at the holiday season for fifty cents each. The boys rejoice in the luxury and the dignity of "paying their way," while their friendly landlady finds that her profits in the business quite justify her bringing them over an enormous Thanksgiving pie.

* * * *

Frank Sheridan is in New York hobnobbing with old friends of the theater. He writes of an interesting visit back stage with Austin Strong, author of "Seventh Heaven," Mr. Sheridan acted years ago in his first play, "The Toymaker of Nurenberg," a fantastic poetic trifle; and now stands by as the final touches preceding the opening night of his latest, his "Play without a Name" are applied. The action of this play takes place within a brain. The plot treatment is subjective, using strange (and costly) mechanical devices to project interior reactions.

Mr. Sheridan refrains from predicting success for this play. For, he reminds us, it is the out-of-towner who supports shows in New York, from the wholesaler who has goods to sell, to the provincial retailer whose tastes run to musical comedies. (Are we to deduce from this, Mr. Sheridan, that the ten million residents of New York then either spend their evenings riding up and down in the subway, or sitting at home in their apartments listening to the radio? Or philosophizing? For we are already told that it is the out-of-towners who patronize the night clubs, and that love making as a sport is nowadays considered a little provincial also.)

* * * *

Mr. William Miles entertained at tea on Saturday afternoon in honor of Mrs. M. Moran, sister of the president of the Anaconda Copper mines, which have been so large a figure in the history of industrial achievement and of wealth in this country, as well as of violent and tragic relations between labor and capital. Mrs. Moran is building a residence in Pebble Beach.

LINES TO A MOTHER

Songs have been written about mothers
And I have no words
But this I know...were you not mine
I should choose you from a multitude
For your friendship.

—Margaret McSweeney.

NEUTRA RENDERS MODERN ARCHITECTURE INTELLIGIBLE

Those valiant spirits who were unabashed by rain, who heard the lecture on Sunday evening by Richard Neutra, architect, at the studio of Denny and Watrous, were well rewarded.

Himself a leader in contemporary architecture, Mr. Neutra made a valuable contribution in interpreting the tendencies of modern building to the layman.

He showed how the architecture of different epochs has reflected the main institutions of its time,—the temple, the defensive castle, the church.

In our age the factor most influencing architecture is mass production. Architecture becomes the expression of this. The great architects of our times, from Richardson, through Louis Sullivan and Frank Lloyd Wright, have accepted the fact, instead of resisting it.

Mass production and the high degree of standardization it brings about are not necessarily deplorable, and do not necessarily reduce quality. Mr. Neutra compared in delicacy of quality and workmanship a Chinese lacquer, wrought by hand, and an electric light bulb made by machine, of filaments incredibly fine, and representing the research of many men in many laboratories; or the fine automobile, whose parts are adjusted with a deviation allowance of a ten-thousandth of an inch. He showed designs of apartment buildings and one for the central business district of a city, in which all individualization had been omitted, and the principle stood out in the constructional skeleton, unabashed and unadorned.

He cited the principle which is the alpha and the omega of modern architecture, *Form Follows Function*, and distinguished between the functional architecture of the true modern, as compared with the formalist architecture of the earlier pseudo-classicists in the United States who took the Greek Doric column and thought they could make an American architecture with it.

It is not the architect who now makes architecture, said Mr. Neutra, but the situation out of which it arises. He clarified this by criticising adversely several typically false buildings, from the Chicago Tribune Building, with its irrelevant and non-functional tower, to the Grand Central station in New York, which, although it provides a waiting room ceiling loftily set with implied stars, fails functionally because it sends its thousands of commuters down into the second basement daily to their trains, with the convenient upper levels reserved for the long-distance passengers.

Mr. Neutra's lecture so well achieved his purpose that his audience not only listened without resistance to his startling statement of modernistic principles, but were able afterwards to respond with sympathy

and understanding to photographs of advanced architecture, much of it his own, which were hung on the walls. At the beginning of the evening, such an apartment building as he showed, would have horrified many there by its starkness, its absolute economy which reduced it to something like a mathematical formula. At the end of the lecture, it was seen with a newly developed critical faculty. The functional honesty of this structure was understood. Mr. Neutra had won his audience to an understanding of some of the principles which are basic in modern architecture.

Early in the lecture he had reminded his audience that in Europe architecture is a matter of very great common interest. Contemporary magazines in Germany and France and Austria carry on constant illustrated discussion of it. Europe is conscious of, and responsive to, architecture, as we in this country are not. At the end of the lecture it was natural to wish that a popular architecture-consciousness be developed here also. In this field Mr. Neutra could be very valuable. It is good to know that, in addition to creating buildings which finely and even greatly illustrate the principles which underlie the architecture of our age, he is writing on this subject, both books and in periodicals, and so developing in the layman an understanding of the superb vitality which is entering into one of the greatest of the arts.

A SUNSET PILGRIMAGE

An amethyst sea, a sky of rose and amber to the west, a round white moon in the eastern heavens, high above the pines, throwing a mystic spell over the Santa Lucias, valley and silver river.

Groups of people, some walking, quietly entering old San Carlos Mission, some carrying sprays of flowers, one a wreath of field blossoms.

The doves of San Carlos, pets of Edward, sacristan, feeding in the Mission garden, are startled at the late intrusion, rise in a white cloud, and fly to the towers, looking back, still wondering. Swallows outside their mud huts over the doorway, dart off or within.

It is the birthday of Fray Junipero Serra—the two hundred and fifteenth birthday of the founder of California, belatedly acknowledged father of the civilization of the Far West, whose tomb the beautiful old church is. Someone had mentioned that it has been a custom for many years, with an occasional interruption, to commemorate Serra's birthday in San Francisco and Santa Barbara, in some simple manner—a wreath on his monument, the alabado (sung at all the old Missions) a talk by some historically-minded Californian (Dr. Herbert E. Bolton of U. C. and Dr. Deems of Trinity Episcopal Church at the last in San Francisco),—sometimes a dinner in the evening. The dominant idea behind the simple civic commemoration being as much to bring

into the view of new Californians the epic story of these Pilgrims of the west—their historically unparalleled achievements spiritually, humanly, industrially, and artistically—as to honor the zealot leader of the army of occupation of the northern Spanish frontier.

Born in Petra on the beautiful isle of Mallorca, he came to his great work in Alta California in his fifty-seventh year, when in his day, men were preparing to enter a life of leisure. An ardent scholar, he had won his D. D. before ordination. And it was while occupying the chair of philosophy in the university of Palma that his plea to carry the Cross to the Indians of America was answered. Now his guerdon read, "For God and King."

His weary body was laid to rest where he had labored—with a love that had spiritually moved mountains—in lovely Carmelo, in the wilderness of Alta California, where he had set up the Cross and sowed the seeds of civilization. He was laid, at his ardent request, at the side of his loved and life-long friend, Juan Crespi, brilliant diarist, and explorer, the subject, incidentally, of Dr. Bolton's newest book. And with these two great pioneers lie their companions in the wilderness, Fray Francisco Lasuen, architect and scholar, who succeeded Serra, and Fray Lopez. It was to lay a few flowers upon their tombs in the most important landmark in the west that the little group of Carmelites sought the Old Mission at sunset hour on the twenty-fourth of November. Next year there may be more, who thus will invite their souls, and reconstruct the pastoral scene that flourished here when America was in the process of birth.

Do Carmelites appreciate the possession of the most significant landmark in the west, "capital" of the Missions, and the resting-place of the founder of California? Southern California would sell its soul, admittedly, for the thing we take so coldly. Why? Because it seems to belong to the Catholic Church? It does, physically and incidentally, takes it coldly, too: but it is the historical heritage of California and of America, as Dr. Bolton points out in his birthday address, when he talked upon "Serra's place in the history of North America," and should be accepted in the larger sense—OUR landmark, and our pride. And too, with an appreciation of what the Church has given into our keeping. NOT with the commercial aspect uppermost—for it is an asset of incalculable value—but for the finer thinks of the spirit, love, peace, art, beauty, charity, and the appreciation of nature that characterizes the followers of Francis of Assisi. Theirs was a Franciscan culture and tradition. Can we re-capture it for the beauty and peace of our souls?

—Laura Bride Powers

For the manuscript and first two editions of "Alice in Wonderland" Eldridge Johnson has just paid \$150,000. Alice bids fair to live forever.

The Arts . . .

A MAKER OF HAND-WROUGHT JEWELRY

Tucked away in a garden on Dolores, somewhere toward Thirteenth, there is a little studio with a north light and in it a young artist delicately fashioning silver jewels. It is like a blacksmith's shop on a tiny scale, thin silver wire heated over a little electric stove, then pulled and attenuated to the right thread-line, and later bent with toy tweezers into the curves and chains of the artist's design.

The maker of these delicate and lovely things is Mildred McKey, who has very recently come to Carmel from the Fine Arts in Boston where she studied design and craftsmanship in metal. She has the craftsman's delight in her material. Her hands deal with it affectionately.

Lingering over these neck-chains and pendant earrings, we felt desire for possession grow in us. Such a chain has the quality of the old silver which came down as an heirloom from one generation to another. It has a softness of line and edge. The feeling is utterly different from commercial jewelry. The hand of the maker is in it.

"And is it very expensive?" we asked, touching a bracelet of special and personal design, but privately realizing that of course that sort of lovely thing asks an exclusive price.

"Four and a half dollars," answered its creator, shyly, as though lingering upon the edge of belief that a work of art ought not to be sold at all, but must be given away con amore.

The necklaces have especial beauty. We urged that some be taken down to the art shops in town for Christmas buying. After all, there is in these handwrought things a personal quality which gives them a peculiarly intimate value as gifts.

Miss McKey who makes these things, is a shy little slip of a young thing; but her door is open to all those who care to see the processes of alchemy by which thin threads and tin-like sheets of metal are bent and burnished into beauty.

—p. g. s.

Neitzsche was the last of the great philosophers to attempt a tragic justification of life. His central and famous dogma, 'Life is good because it is painful,' sums up in a few words the desperate and almost meaningless paradox to which he was driven in his effort to reduce to rational terms the far more imaginative conception which is everywhere present but everywhere unanalyzed in a Sophocles and a Shakespeare, and by means of which they rise triumphant over the manifold miseries of life.

TO RADIO SET OWNERS

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STOP THINKING!

ONE WALK THROUGH

HOLMAN'S

AND YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO GIVE THEM FOR
CHRISTMAS.

AND SINCE THE CHILDREN WANT TO KNOW
WHERE SANTA CLAUS HAS HIS THINGS, BRING
THEM ALONG AND WATCH THEIR EYES.

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The Movies

ARRIVAL OF A MOVING PICTURE TROUPE ON POINT LOBOS

On Tuesday, the twentieth, arrived the business manager, a technical man, somebody else, ten carpenters and a truck driver. An hour later they had dispersed in a dozen directions. The rest of the day was given over to getting organized. The technical man went home. Nobody knew why.

On Wednesday the carpenters worked twenty hours.

On Thursday the technical man returned, for no apparent reason. That is nobody knew why. The carpenters worked sixteen hours. The result was the reproduction of a bay window in a house in Pasadena. Later when you see the finished picture you will look out of the window of this house not on the Pasadena street but upon Point Lobos.

Friday morning came the dawn, three actors, and entourage. To wit: director, assistant director, second assistant director, cameraman, second cameraman, assistant cameraman, propertyman, assistant property man, gripman, powder man, script woman, electrician, nine assistant electricians, one extra electrician (nobody knew why), a motorboat and a seaplane. These were administered to by four taxicabs, five trucks, and two laborers. The visiting team was welcomed by the home team of ten carpenters, business manager and technical man.

The day was given over to organization purposes. By the time everyone was organized it was dark and the seaplane had gone back to roost in Alameda. So to get even the whole troupe worked until four-thirty the next morning.

Saturday morning dawned clear. The organization was still in bed and seemed to be under control. The seaplane was due back at ten o'clock. It failed to arrive. The organization went to pieces and set out to learn what had happened to the sea plane. Nobody seemed to know. It is considered de rigueur to know anything about a picture on which one is engaged in working.

Well the plane arrived at two o'clock and suddenly every body got organized and they finished up the week's work in about an hour, hopped on the train and went back to Hollywood. Over the course of about five days forty persons handling tons of machinery, building material, and general apparatus including everything from machine guns to face powder, at the cost of several thousand dollars, and much hard labor had succeeded in filming a sequence which will run about five minutes in the completed picture if it is not cut out all together.

PROBLEMS IN A NEW INDUSTRY

Very little indeed is known about the making of "talkies." This fact is evident in all the studios attempting sound pictures or sequences.

The actors, the directors, cameramen, building crew, are all hard hit and puzzled. Work consequently takes three times as long as before. The director must throw aside his megaphone and restrain his former shouts, "Action! Camera! Cut!" The stage hands may not hammer and shift scenery during the taking of a "talkie," but a sound-proof interior must be built, and if the scene is an exterior, it must be built in a sound-proof interior or taken in some great open silent place where no passing auto horn may be heard. Imagine moon-drenched garden with warbling nightingales,—and then the coy sound of a traffic whistle being blown just off the lot.

When once a noise-proof set is designed, the proper acoustics for the voice must be worked out. At Pathe studios it took over a week to locate an echo, and to correct it with a sound insulator. The camera is made noiseless by being placed in a vacuum box; and the cameramen must wear felt shoes.

Costumes also must be adjusted to the new conditions. The rustle of heavy silk or taffeta sounds like a tornado. Even silk underclothing speaks for himself. In recording impressions, these items must be reproduced in proportion to their ordinary daily magnitude.

If we walk through the United Artists' Studios, we see the electrician packing up old arc lights, used for silent pictures, and unpacking boxes of new incandescent bulbs, because the arc lights have too audible a hum.

These are only a few hints to suggest the perplexities met in the production of talking movies. Hollywood had just advanced the silent picture beyond its infancy, when it must go back and begin all over again.

—Carol Aronovici Jr.

QUAFFING THE HOLIDAY CUP

After all, why take the Eighteenth Amendment so seriously?

On Thanksgiving Day we sipped good wine in more than one household. And not a drop of it unlawful. We have turned history back by law, and revived one good old home industry. If for any reason commercial bakeries should be abolished by act of Congress, some of us would no doubt stop eating bread. But as for the others, wouldn't we roll up housewifely sleeves, and knead the dough as Mother used to? The Volstead Act simply rules that, in a machine age, the good old raisin shall still be wrought upon by hand. What plum pudding is after all complete without a burning crown of cordial which ripened in the storage cupboard at home under loving eyes?

GIFTS FROM MANY LANDS

unusual antique jewelry: jade, cornelian, amethyst, russian lapis and topaz diamonds
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THE JEFFERS NUMBER

The Carmelite has the honor to announce an issue, that of next week, December twelfth, which will have a special Jeffers supplement including three original poems by Robinson Jeffers. There will be a number of portraits and snapshots of Jeffers and his family, as well as articles by some of those best qualified in this country to write about him. Edgar Lee Masters has sent a poem on Spoon River Revised.

Those intending to subscribe to the Carmelite, or to make gifts of subscriptions to friends out of town, are urged to begin subscriptions with this issue, for it will be one of especial beauty.

FINAL SERVICES

Services for Rem will be held in New York at the Calvary Church at Twenty-first Street and Fourth Avenue, on December the seventh at high noon, and the body will be interred at the Greenwood Cemetery in Brooklyn.

THE VIOLA TO BE HEARD IN RECITAL

Redfern Mason, leading music critic of the Pacific coast, says in the San Francisco Examiner: It was a paraphrase of 'The Red Sarafan' which he improvised, which first caught my eye and told me that MacMurray was a personality..... His arrangement of old melodies in sustained double or triple harmony for the viola is so ingeniously beautiful that I forgot my erudition as a critic in sheer pleasure."

Grant Wallace, author of works on the Science and Evolution of Rhythm, says: "In addition to being the only American violist-composer, MacMurray, so far as I am aware, is the only virtuoso in the world who has ever been able to play sustained triple-stop harmonies on the violin and viola."

The Community Church is presenting Frederick MacMurray in concert at the Carmel Playhouse this Friday evening, December 7th at 8:15. Tickets are on sale at Staniford's.

DISCUSSING THE ECONOMICS OF WAR

The Women's International League is again sponsor for a lecture by Professor Knight of Berkeley, who is speaking on Friday evening of this week at the house of Mrs. Esther Teare at Ninth and Lincoln, on "How France Financed the war." Professor Knight spent a number of years in France and the French colonies, as well as in Germany and the Balkans, studying economic conditions; and can make authoritative statements.

These lectures are open to the public, with an admission fee of fifty cents.

Poems . . .

This fine fragility of Autumn breath
Strung with a million lighted threads
of spider-silk...
Would break like a spun bubble of glass
Should a bird sing.

So has my peace
Been shattered by this moment
Into song!

—Dora Hagemeyer.

SPRING REPINING

—A sudden noise!
The oriole,
A tiny ball of yellow,
Starts from his sleep,
Begins to cheep,
And flutters out the window!

—A sudden noise!
The maiden fair,
Reclining on her pillow,
Starts from her sleep,
Begins to weep;
Her dream's flown out the window!

—Chin Ch'ang Hsu
T'ang Dynasty
Translated by
Henry K. Hart.

OLD HANDS

When hands have nothing to hold,
Nothing to do, nothing to love,
They seek one another and lie
Quietly folded like wings
Of a bird who has flown far
And yet longs for further flight.

—Margaret McSweeney.

When iron becomes old
and badly cared for
it gives off a certain
substance called rust.
This is, I think, comparable to
the half cynical advice
some parents toss to their children.

—Margaret McSweeney.

INVITATION

More and more often there come to us of the Carmelite, artists and thinkers of our generation who see in this little periodical an opportunity for a significant functioning.

"There is no channel of expression for us," they say. "Be that channel." One such thinker-artist has been urgent with us lately. He knows Europe and its minds. He says that European artists, architects, philosophers, are hungry for a real contact with the mind of America, and for communication with it. "If your periodical could produce one issue of totally convincing quality," he said, "so that it could be sent to these men and women, they would reach out to you eagerly. You could be the vehicle for that expression in the thinking and the

arts of our times which leads toward the new civilization, whatever that is going to be. You have an enormous potential value."

This man believes that there is no satisfactory channel of expression in the country. In the arts, and especially the arts of literature and criticism, the Dial has reached a certain brilliance. But it limits its utterance to a small and very definite group. Its cliffs are high, but the chasm between is narrow.

In the political field, the Nation was once the satisfactory browsing ground. But the Nation seems to some of us to have become grandfatherly in the last few years, to have suffered a certain crystallization. We read it as we listen to an elder to whom one would of course not tell quite all. And then we look about for more contemporary expression in the same fields, to find on one hand the Survey, and on the other, the new Masses.

The new Masses has not crystallized, yet most certainly it has thickened certain tones of its voice to that of the ranter. It is the revivalist of the radical movement. On the other hand, it is the Masses which first produces the drawings or the wood-cuts of Covarubias or of Art Young, unearthing and discovering these vital artists who later on become fashionable, and so emasculated, in the clever pages of Vanity Fair.

The Survey is also using visual material in a brilliant manner, from its reproductions of opsters issued in the Russian republic for the education of the people, to this month's prints by Robert Austin. The interesting thing about the Survey reproductions is, that although they are of a quality artistically often almost superlative, they are presented not as "art," but for their communication, their subject-mater. In the last years the SurveyGraphic has become an exceedingly interesting monthly on the human aspects of economic and social problems.

What other "channels" remain? Well, there is the dear old Atlantic, with an occasional brilliant and penetrating article by Joseph Wood Krutch sandwiched among the politer belles lettres which hymn a life mildly and pleasantly lived in suburban fashion.

There is also the New Republic, which some of us a few years ago, while it was deviating only so slightly from the Nation's beat, decided we could do without; but which has recently found a new function for itself in articles by men like Waldo Frank and Lewis Mumford, who are awake to some of the philosophical inquiry which is agitating our generation.

And many of us remember the Little Review, which brought out the first bits of "Ulysses;" was suppressed by the Post Office; moved to Paris; and altogether lived the dog's life of any artist's product built upon passionately held convictions in advance of their time.

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CALIFORNIA

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at the Seven Arts Press in Carmel

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Editorials . . .

YES DISTINCTLY THE DOREMOUSE

Now that the Pine Cone has come forth with the admission that our City Council is not quite that last word in expedition and efficiency that might be hoped for, we step forward also with our little pipe. We must for instance admit that going to a council meeting this year is simply to sit and watch it wasting time. It is a Do-Nothing Council. It drones and bungles and hesitates. It is a caricature of inertia. It is a sort of a Mad Hatter's Tea Party with the Doormouse in the chair.

We twit the old timers of the Committee of Forty with this sometimes. "What about this magnificent council we voted for upon your authoritative and respected advice? How proud are you of them now?"

They hedge then, or go off to Massachusetts; or mutter, "Well, they may not be such a brilliant lot. What we were looking for was honesty."

But you can never tell what will happen to an honest man when he takes political office. He is likely to lose at least his natural frankness; he will hesitate to act, with some fear of popular approval shuddering in his shadow. He will consciously or unconsciously ally himself with a "side," and play the game with them.

On our council Mrs. Rockwell stands alone. She used to look to Councilman Gottfried for support; but there is a story

that when she was about to move that the office of City Engineer be declared vacant, she had in a preliminary aside asked for Councilman Gottfried's promise to second this and gotten it. Armed with this, she confidently made her motion. It was followed, not by a second, but by complete silence. Mrs. Rockwell continues to wonder why.

* * *

An example of the inertia of the council is the following: At the last meeting, it was planned to make some solution of the drainage problem before the winter rains. In order to be competent to do this, there was needed a familiarity with the engineer's proposed plan, together with some preliminary thought and understanding thereof. But the mayor and his council had come like schoolboys unprepared for their lesson. They neither knew it nor had given it preparatory thought,—with the exception of Mr. Gottfried, who had been over all the roads since the last rain, and was literally the only one in the group who understood what they were discussing.

This City Council seems not to be particularly interested in its job. It seems not to be enjoying itself. We submit that a good way to enjoy one's job is to do one's very best at it. Why not care a little? Why not come out of the boredom of this hibernation, and do a little energetic and clear thinking, moving at once into decisive action, on the matter of drainage and roads?

WANTED—A LITTLE ACTION

Some weeks ago the Carmelite published an editorial which concerned our City Clerk,—an editorial which was really an open letter addressed to the City Council. It advocated that this faithful and very hard-working public servant be allowed to select and appoint an adequate assistant. Her nine years of service to the community, upon very small pay, with atrocious overwork at certain times (hours of overwork which, by the way, violate the law forbidding night work to women) justify such a step.

This editorial met strong response from the community. Between office and Post Office the editor of the Carmelite was halted by comments of agreement from many citizens. His Honor the Mayor Himself also made polite sounds to the editor.

But this editorial was written with a purpose of action. If the Council does not of itself awake from its lethargy to some contemplation and decision regarding the exploitation of this human being by the City of Carmel, we urge that citizens not yet in a state of hibernation voice their desires, not only to the editor of the Carmelite, but to the City Council itself. This can be done at any meeting of the City Council, either by letter or petition, or by direct speech with that august body.

THE CARMELITE, December 5, 1928

WHAT IS SAID OF THE CARMELITE

The Carmelite lets light on many things from scrap iron heaps to cosmic consciousness, and does it with an air of gracious cynicism that is peculiarly its own.

I imagine it is the most brilliant journal of its size on all the west coast. —E. Y.

* * *

"It is evident that you have raised the level of journalism upon the peninsula." *

To the editor:

Any one can philosophise. Any one can write epigrams. But now that you have lit into some of our worst civic situations in Carmel,—the bathhouse slums, the City Council, the need of adequate assistance by our City Clerk, I am at last subscribing. Here's my check.

* * *

From a Santa Fe writer:

The Carmelite has a subtle trick of editing. It seems to belong almost as much to Santa Fe as to Carmel. It is written that one not only reads print but hears speaking voices—a human, happy, live sheet. I could even hear the smooth Orage voice, confounding everything with nothing. Keep it up. Of course I subscribe.

WE ARE READ—OH YES, WE ARE READ

The Carmelite, starting so modestly in Carmel, is already making its way in the world. Recently two editorials appeared in The San Francisco Call describing its advertising, and reporting "the fun" it was having. Then a columnist in the San Francisco Daily News devoted his "col-lym" to an article in the paper. Another columnist in the same paper quoted another article.

Last week the Santa Barbara Daily News quoted in full "A Conspiracy for Beauty" from the issue of November 21st. And...

Everyone knows that H. L. Mencken combs the country's newspapers to compile his Americana column. He discovered the Carmelite. And in the December issue of The American Mercury a Carmelite article on "What We Think Orage Said" is quoted under the heading:

"The Larger Life in Carmel, as described by a gifted contributor to The Carmelite."

So—the Sage of Baltimore has discovered us.

Everything in life is fated except the way out of fate. —Orage.

Now that we have voted to make the world safe for prosperity, we trust the future presidential incumbent will vouchsafe us a little more weather.

IN JUSTIFICATION OF SUICIDE

At the present time the only forms of human murder which are legal in our society are capital punishment and war. Although it is the conviction of the writer that neither of these forms belongs in a civilization which can be called satisfactory, nevertheless there are several other forms from which society is gradually lifting the ban. First surreptitiously and through the development of opinion; then eventually by the withdrawal of legal taboos.

There are three of these forms of murder which there is perhaps no reason for continuing to forbid by law; and which, after a sufficient period of public and general discussion, may well become permissible.

Babes known without a doubt to be hopelessly defective at birth, to a degree which will make a further projection into life a misfortune, a wrong, are certainly entitled to death. This is obviously fair to those who have never asked to be born. There does however remain the question of error in the judgment of the degree, the permanence, the hopelessness, or the curability of the defect. The thing is right in principle, yet presents a wide margin of possibility of misjudgment. This margin of course needs to be reduced to the zero point. A study of the problems involved, and a plan for the administration of the principle, might well come from the universities,—the medical colleges cooperating in the field of social theory.

After the plan had been thoroughly digested through popular discussion, and perhaps developed, a principle which merciful doctors now practice occasionally with the greatest risk to their professional lives, would be ready for frank social acceptance.

A second form of the taking of life which is almost corollary to this is simply the shortening of life of those about to die in anguish. To give an overdose of morphine to the human being who must otherwise undergo the prolonged torture of a frightful disease, is simply mercy. There is a margin of possible error here too,—error on the part of both patient and doctor. Miracles of salvation from the inevitable have happened. But there are catastrophes, of accident and of disease, toward which the most merciful act is one of conclusion, and whose prolongation is simply brutality. A practical basis for the legalization and the general social acceptance of this must be developed also.

But there is a third form of murder whose acceptance presents far greater difficulties. This is suicide.

There are in the first place all sorts of prejudices current against suicide. "It is cowardly." "It is poor sportsmanship." These are superficial judgements, and

made by those who are unaware of the intensities of the anguish which may cause a human being to desire death; who are unaware that it is possible to reach a state when that natural instinct for life which is inherent in the very cells of the body, is overcome and annihilated by a still greater need for cessation. No one who has not deeply experienced this state is fit to render a judgement concerning the "morality" or the sportsmanship or the permissibility of suicide.

Society states that the individual has a right to life. In this right to live there is most certainly implied the right to death. If it were not implied, life would be an obligation and not a right.

The desire for suicide may often be a part of a temporary condition, a curable pathology. But this is only a part of the story of human unhappiness. There are many lives which will be unlovely, impoverished, and despairing, till they die. We contemplate such individuals, and find ourselves wondering why they continue to live; and the answer is that life becomes a sort of habit whose units continue out of sheer inertia. These individuals, if they do bunglingly seek means of cessation, will be subject to the thick stupidities of—what? The police! If they persist they will be thrown either into jail or into "institutions for the mentally ill,"—not because they are out of reason; but because society can not yet bring itself to admit that life can really be unlivable.

There is a peculiar horror in this forcing of life by society upon those unwilling to live it,—a peculiar absurdity in our assumption that there is something tragic or to-be-prevented-at-all-costs in the choice of death. If this man, friend or stranger, earnestly and reasonably desires death; if he has put his life in order, fulfilling all obligations and responsibilities decently and as far as is within his capacities, then not only is the permission of society to this act of annihilation fitting, but so also help to achieve it with dignity, beauty, and a sense of friendly farewell, its gracious accompaniment.

—Pauline G. Schindler.

O THOU

O thou immutable iambic space
Of unrequited time, in crested chase
Ilimitless thou forgest subterfuge
And old indignant chime, in nested place
Concealed. Inordinate, begot as Scrooge
On morbid flight of unintrepid race;
Incomprehensible thy visionings
Athwart embossed deed incisionings.

"Til euphony in rampages destroy
Hellenic prisms rare, wilt thou employ
An antimetaphor illiquified.
Can altruism space again? Enjoy
Thy glistenings in unsuspected pride,
Thou haberdashery, with aeons dried.
—Henry Cowell

World News

The plan for the financial rehabilitation of Nicaragua which has just been made public by the American State Department is causing some comment among those who oppose American imperialistic policy. The author of the plan is Dr. W. W. Cumberland, who was for some time Financial Advisor and General Receiver for Haiti. The plan provides what the New Republic describes as "such a degree of American interference in Nicaraguan affairs that once we got in, we should never get out. Majority control of the Bank of Nicaragua would be bought by Americans... The Nicaraguan National Guard would be officered for an indefinite period by American marines. In short, the country would be an even more absolute dependency of the United States than it has been for the past sixteen years. Here is financial imperialism with a vengeance. The adoption of such a plan would undo all the good will Mr. Hoover could create in Latin America by a dozen such trips as he is now undertaking. It would seem to Europeans to confirm everything that has been said about dollar domination. The American people ought not to be embarked upon such an enterprise until they have a fair opportunity to count all its cost and to realize all its consequences."

A SONG THAT ALBRIC MADE

Long-legged heron
If you had a wish
You would ask the gods
For one small fish:
And the gods might give you one.
I would ask the sun
Out of the sky,
And the gods would laugh
And pass by.

—Ella Young.

Hush.....
When the wind is brooding like that
Do not speak.
Someone is lost... Hear it grieve?
Someone is hurt... Hear it wail?
Hush.....
When the wind is laughing like that
Do not speak...
Someone is happy... Hear it mock?
Someone loves... Hear it scorn?
Hush.....
The wind is fleeing, here's its secret.
It weeps for the lost.
It is lonely.
It cries for the hurt.
It is scarred.
It laughs at the happy.
It is too lonely to love.
Hush.

—Margaret McSweeney.

THE CARMELITE

ANNOUNCES A

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Also

a poem, "Spoon River Revisited," by Edgar Lee Masters.
a fable, "Truth," by Lincoln Steffens.

Review of Sandburg's poems by Robinson Jeffers.

"Leaves from My Notebook," by Carl Sandburg.
a poem by James Hopper.

and

cuts, poems, stories and articles by Carmel writers and artists
as well as the usual features.

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Books . . .

A SORRY TALE

Mexico and its Heritage, by Ernest Gruening. (Century Co., New York. \$6.00).

While this book of Dr. Gruening is indeed a gruesome tale, nevertheless it is perhaps the most trustworthy and best documented work on Mexico yet written. From it we soon learn that the many troubles of the unhappy country have many causes, most of which must be recognized as persistent threads that run throughout the historic pattern.

The conquistadores for example came to America to grab easy riches and then to make a quick get-away with a guaranty of future income based on the subjection and exploitation of the Aztecs. That ideal yet persists. The small minority of whites and mestizos Dr. Gruening tells us, until quite recently at any rate, has viewed the underlying population of ignorant superstitious Indians as legitimate prey. In this connection I was astonished to learn that Mexico gained its independence because whites and mestizos revolted when the mother country seemed to be about to do something to relieve the intolerable condition of the under dogs.

The system of land tenure from the time of the conquest down to that of Calles we are told, has had for its successful purpose the enslavement of the peasant population. The army in its turn has provided a field wherein personal ambition for self and power might glut itself. Then too, the politicos except a few like Juarez, Madero, Obregon and Calles, have had aims and ideals never much above and often quite below those of Jesse James.

The religious conflict is a delicate subject respecting which a reviewer might easily say either too much or too little. Suffice it then at this time to suggest that no one should permit himself to form an opinion on the subject until he has read the 105 well-documented pages that Dr. Gruening devotes to it.

Justice in Mexico the author says, has been only too often a marketable commodity. Hygiene and decent dietary habits practically are unknown except in very limited circles; and education in our common-school sense of the term, only now is having its beginnings under all kinds of difficulties.

It is obvious too that Mexico is so rich in natural resources that we cannot be truly neighborly. Such riches most naturally excite our greed to such a degree that we work our ingenuity over-time profiting high ideals of equity while grabbing every thing in sight.

As for the future, so many 'ifs' are involved that only a pious faith in miracles

perhaps offers much basis for hope. It may be of course that our present ambassador symbolizes a morrow for Mexico in which we may restrain our greed and stand by to lend a sincerely helpful hand if and only when asked to do so. If this be true then the progressive force as typified by men like Calles, may have a chance to promote the general welfare by carrying out ambitious educational programs; by changing the abominable system of land tenure; by overcoming the personalismo of politicos and caudillos; and by finding some sane solution for the problems of religious conflict.

—George A. Briggs.

FALSE ALARMS

By Frank Thorne.

With the coming of later autumn and winter in sight, we may expect local fruit-store thrillers, when some one opens up a new bunch of bananas and finds a hairy monster of a tarantula staring him in his startled face. If the big spider is not forthwith sent to Limbo with a broom or box-end, it may be captured and set on a counter in a glass jar, for the shuddering admiration of the multitude. And many will be the tales of its instantaneous deadliness. Apparently the majority of even well-informed persons still believe that a tarantula can leap twenty or thirty feet, and that its bite will kill you within a few seconds.

Nothing could be farther from the fact, says the Science News-Letter. The fruit tarantula can not jump at all; even its running is sluggish, at least at the end of a long voyage and rail journey. And even if it could make such leaps it would be virtually leaping in the dark, for tarantulas are so short-sighted that they pay no attention to objects only a few inches away from their numerous eyes. It is highly probable that they can not really see anything at all, but merely distinguish moving from stationary objects. So why jump at something you can't see?

As for his deadliness, that is equally exaggerated. Most tarantulas won't even offer to fang you unless you pick them up and squeeze them, or blow tobacco smoke on them, or otherwise offer them insult. Venom is expensive, and isn't to be wasted except in self-defense. And even if Mrs. T. does decide to take a whack at you, the chances are that all you'll get out of it is a sore hand and maybe a headache. Dr. E. H. Ewing of the U. S. National Museum keeps a few pet tarantulas in cages in his laboratory all the time. He lets them parade up and down his arm for the delectation of visitors. And he's never been bitten yet.

The French are the best prose writers because their criterion of writing is always "does it approximate to perfect speech?"

—A. R. Orage.

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**THE OMNISCIENCE
OF O'C.**

There is something terribly cocky about conducting a column. It gives you a feeling of omnipotence that accounts for the idiotic title used above. No one but the rawest of cub reporters should be allowed to express their asininity in type this way, and we graduated from the cub stage fully twenty or maybe thirty, minutes ago.

After you get over the apology stage it's not so bad, though, and when the letters of condemnation start coming in you get a positive kick out of a column. There is nothing so heartening to a columnist as to have Constant Reader or the Man in the Street, tell you what a big sap you are because your opinion differs from his.

There was a fellow on a paper down in the islands, Coconuts Irvine, who ran a line of type called the Crab Tree, and it was a wow because every night he'd sit under the arc light at Waikiki and write himself letters disagreeing with everything he had written in the Crab Tree during the day. Pretty soon, however, he had more dis-agreements than material to disagree with.

Coconuts was quite a lad. Food faddist, you know. Called him Coconuts because every morning at dawn he climbed palms

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OF CHARM &
DISTINCTION**

THE CARMELITE, December 5, 1928

bearing that festive fruit and breakfasted thereon. At noon he had more coconuts, and at dinner he varied it with a raisin and a date. When he passed on the autopsy proved the raisin and the date still there.

* * * * *

Wasn't it F. P. A. in his column who got off that historic crack at some rather stagy Thespian who strutted intolerably? "So-and-so magnificently extended his chest three inches and followed it slowly across the stage!"

* * * * *

You save an awful lot of time if you can kid embryo poets into sending you verse. Great face spiller, verse. (Printers error, space filler!) Lot of good limericks born with a lazy columnist as one of the parents. Swell way of getting recognition, send some in, will you?

* * * * *

We'll print dam near anything. Look at this column! Love poems especially. Stuff with satirical endings. Ironic. 'My heart began to swell. My arms they ached like hell....' It's easy to write. We'd write some ourself only people would suspect that was the only way we could get our epic efforts in type. So you write some in and if you're ashamed of it, we'll sign our name to it. Fair enough.

* * * * *

Similar by contrast, California's two artistic centers present an amusing study. Cynics will object to calling Hollywood artistic, civic sinners will not admit Carmel a center.

* * * * *

Hollywood, desirous of any and all publicity. Carmel, shuddering at the very thought. Hollywood, known in all corners of the world. Carmel, famous wherever patrons of the arts foregather. Hollywood, crying for talent that is starving under its eyes. Carmel, welcoming the artist and pseudo-artist alike.

* * * * *

Hollywood, grasping for big names. Carmel, quietly developing them. A few Hollywoodians have come here to Heaven. Greater exchange would benefit Hollywood... and raise hell with Carmel. It is as it should be.

* * * * *

This is the season of peace on earth and good will to all men. Soon we will have our Christmas pageant here. Bringing to mind that historic episode occurring when the Story of the Christ was filmed. The scene of the last supper was laid. The twelve apostles had taken their places. The cameras were ready. The electricians cut the lights. The director shifted his riding boots and made ready. Suddenly the supervisor came upon the set. He was the man responsible for making this a super-supe special. Horrified, he glanced over the twelve seated at the long table.

"Gott!" he cried, "forty thousand dollars I spend for this banquet scene and you have only twelve peoples! Quick, go get me a dozen more."

—P. O.C.

**A NEW IDEA IN REAL ESTATE
DEVELOPMENT**

The developers of the San Remo region regard their task more as a public trust than as private real estate work. Having bought the old Victorine ranch—about twelve hundred acres—came the problem of how to sell it. The mind turns against ordinary subdividing in this wild and beautiful part of the California coast, as it turns against the possibility of seeing Carmel grow into a Main Street town. This company has not betrayed its trust.

No plot is being sold under four or five acres, and there are restrictions on building, buying for speculation, and splitting up of property which will never allow this region to lose its beauty of natural features. The forty foot roads which are being graded so carefully and arranged with easy turns and fills over the canyons will make driving easy, but they will not be paved and will not give a town effect; every twist and turn has been carefully worked out to preserve views, trees and the comfort of motorists. Garages will not be built right on the road, but rather hidden by trees, and the company has worked out for almost every plot where the best place for its garage would be.

The arrangements for landscaping and gardening are interesting. John L. MacLaren, who made Golden Gate Park, is the head of all the landscaping and the success he made of his San Francisco job augurs well for the looks of this region. Messrs H. A. Hyde, the Watsonville nurserymen, are in charge of certain portions of the work, and will scatter California wild flower seeds among the pines.

And with the pines Mr. Ulman has had the courage to act in a way that far more people in this region, particularly in Carmel, should act; he has not allowed a false sentimentality about cutting down trees to blind him to the real welfare of the pines; he has gone out, examined, investigated and personally blazed every tree which seemed unhealthy, and the ones that are so close to others that none can grow.

"Just as children in towns," said this man with a vision, "where trees are too near together they cannot breathe and so grow up like string beans. We want congestion of trees no more than we want congestion of houses at San Remo." And so the marked trees are cut down and the stumps dynamited and the tractor comes in and drags the fallen monarch away. Surgery. Of course it hurts, sentimentally. Like cutting out a poor little boy's tonsils.

San Remo should grow and flourish like the little boy after the tonsils and adenoids are out.

In a primitive civilization art is simply a part of life. Clothes, utensils, shelter, are made for use according to available material. Form and variation in color and decoration follow spontaneously,—just as song and dance follow from worship and celebration.

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Science . . .

SHEPHERD-FISH

Animal partnerships have always attracted much attention and wonder. We are always willing to listen to stories about the cooperation between bees and flowers or ants and their aphid "cows," and we have in our own society an elaborate group of animals living with man, dependent on him and in turn paying for their keep with butter or eggs or labor or just companionship.

One of the strangest of these animal partnerships exists between the queer jellyfish known as the Portuguese man-of-war and a little fish. Normally the Portuguese man-of-war is the deadly enemy of anything that touches its trailing tentacles, for these are armed with millions of poisonous, paralyzing stings, that kill fish or other creatures in very short order, and then drag them up to the creature's many sucking mouths to be digested and devoured.

But the shepherd-fish lives among these deadly trailers in perfect immunity, thereby securing protection from its enemies and presumably a chance to feed on the fragments of the man-of-war's feasts. What it may supply in return for this protection is problematical, though it is conjectured that it may serve as a sort of voluntary live bait, enticing larger fish into the fatal stinging tangles of the tentacle mass. If this is the case, it would seem to be a kind of biological irony, turning the would-be eater into the eaten; and serving up fragments of his carcass to his intended victim.

Dr. Frank Thorne,
from Science Service.

PUEBLOS LACKED VITAMINS

The cliff dwellers who lived in the canyons of the southwest in prehistoric times never heard of vitamins and ultraviolet light, but a lack of these undreamed-of necessities was a main cause of their downfall according to Dr. Walter Hough, of the Smithsonian Institution.

The decay of a race is one of the great problems of the world. The reasons for the passing of ancient cities and tribes may point a valuable and timely warning to modern civilizations.

A study of the food supply of the Pueblos was made in order to see whether it would account for their mysterious dwindling, beginning about 1000 A. D., long before the white man disturbed their country. Corn was their great food, and their diet was about 85 per cent. grain, the rest being meat and vegetables. The ration was adequate for sturdy adults but in winter the diet must have lacked in fat and vitamins and the children

suffered, the scientist stated. Lack of fuel must have caused insanitary huddling in dark rooms of the pueblo in winter and this also weakened the babies.

NATURAL ROOT GRAFTS MAKE STUMPS GROW

Isn't it odd that the ranger naturalists of the Department of the Interior, in Yellowstone Park, should have found Douglas fir stumps that continue to grow after the trees are cut down!

By this it is not meant that sprouts come from the stumps and grow new tops. The stumps themselves quite without leaves went on putting on new layers of bark and wood. One of them entirely covered its top in much the way that a growing tree covers the wound when a limb is cut off.

Four cases of these stumps that kept alive were found along the park trail that leads to Vernal Falls. It was shown that it had been 34 years since the tree that one of them had supported had been cut down. One of these living stumps was split open that the manner of its growth might be examined. It was found that it has, since the tree was cut down, put on layers of wood that are three inches thick.

This seemed a very peculiar situation to the park naturalists. Many kinds of trees are strongly inclined to throw out new sprouts from their stumps when they are cut down. The Douglas fir, however, does not stump sprout. This made it even more surprising that these particular stumps should go on growing.

The passing of time presented an explanation of this queer situation. Fortunately the explanation was set up by the side of Vernal Falls trail where all might see. The rain washed away the soil about one of these living stumps. There, beneath the ground, it was shown that a root from the mystery stump has grown together with a root of a tree that still lived. The one had been grafted to the other. Thus it was made possible that the stump of the fallen tree might keep alive by drawing a food supply from the root of its companion tree that still got a food supply from its leaves. Had this stump been that of the sort of tree that puts forth sprouts there would never have been any occasion to search for its secret. Being a Douglas fir stump it could not send up sprouts and so by its strange evidences of life presented a mystery to be solved.

—From Science Service.

Speechmakers were fond of saying during the presidential campaign that this was the land of equal opportunity. No one took them up on this, for a fair question might have been framed for them to answer. It would have run: "Equal for whom?"

—Heywood Broun.

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"Mama, I went to New York."

"Whom did you see there?"

"I saw My Grandma, in London."

"In New York?"

"Yes, yes, reely."

"I went there tomorrow last week when I
was borned three weeks ago."**TO PETER**(After reading "Phychological Care of
Infant and Child")Small son, with wind-rouged cheks aglow
And hair and freckles gently Titianed,
Once more the solemn savants show
That you've been clumsily conditioned.For when my sheltering arm you seek
From snarling curs of sudden thunders,
This unbecoming saffron streak
Reveals behavoristic blunders.And if at bedtime you demand
A fond paternal osculation,
I ought, instead, to shake your hand,
Forestalling final fixation.For naught of temperament is bred
Within the blood, nor accidental—
We are but robots formed and fed
By stimuli environmental.But though you shrink from heaven's rage,
Though growling hounds cause you to
bawl so,
I'll bet that at your tender age
Interpid Lindy shuddered also.And while these pessimists would make
Embraceles parenthood a duty,
I know, alas! too soon you'll shake
Your doting dad for some dumb cutey.Still I am willing to concede
Much wisdom to this book by Watson
That ordinary kids would need—
Of course, for you it's simply rot, son.

N. D. Plume in the New York World.

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—Mollie Darling—8th Grade.

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NOTE BOOK**

"It is one of the most unaccountable things in our age that the lewdness of our theatre should be so much complained of, so well exposed, and so little redressed." Thus wrote Joseph Addison about 200 years ago in a London periodical. The shows they were putting on in London then were as loose as anything in the going now. Addison had hopes and regrets, for he wrote "It is to be hoped, that some time or other we may be at leisure to restrain the licentiousness of the theatre, and make it contribute its assistance to the advancement of morality, and to the reformation of the age. As matters stand at present, multitudes are shut out from this noble diversion, by reason of those abuses and corruptions that accompany it. A father is often afraid that his daughter should be ruined by those entertainments, which were invented for the accomplishment and refining of human nature."

Sensuality is never obscene; it is the nice frigid people who are really dirty-minded.

—Richard Aldington.

* * * *

The great majority of human beings glide through existence in perfect ignorance of their natures, so complicated and so controlling is the machinery of our social life. Few can break the bonds that tie them down, and struggle for self-knowledge; fewer, when the talisman is gained, can direct their illuminated energies to the purpose with which they sympathise.

Our sense of values is upside down... Artists and other creators feel themselves queer and separate from the world as a whole. Art has become special, extraneous, apart from life.

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